

[Intro]

30 seconds of Bush news snippets

"I understand that time is running out"

"Ooooh look, it's the president! Hey Mr. President!"

"Okay, there he go. Easy, easy, don't lose sight, wait

Two, three and...NOW!"

(gunshots, screaming)

[Verse 1]

Here I go, an angry brother finna make his move

But can I buck him in the city so I never lose?

See I'm a get him the crowd with a couple heavies

And lay the barrel to the ground, hold the gat steady

And now I'm ready for my adversary, talk is cheap

I'm looking for a way to make a plan and keep it neat

And check it out and make around and pick a rooftop

And get a spot where the view's hot, set up shop

Cause all I wanna see is motherf**king brains hanging

Another level when it's me and Devils gangbangin

So don't be telling me to get the nonviolent spirit

Cause when I'm violent is the only time the devils hear it

Rat-tat-tat goes the gat to his devil's face

I hope he think about how he done us when he lay to waste

And get the feeling of the peeling from the other side

From guns given to my people from my own kind

So get with Ollie cause I'm probably finna make you mad

I'm steady waiting for the day I get to see his a**

And give him two from the barrel of a black guerrilla

And that's real from the motherf**king Bush Killa

[Interlude]

(laughter)

"I understand that time is running out"

[Verse 2]

Now who is able to make war with the beast?

It starts with "P"

Trumpets sound when I push the program

And set my sight on a serpent man

Swinging the sword of the righteous

Make devils drop and they just can't spite this

Genocide and the minds of men make
Brothers like me fill up with hate
I smell a skunk in the air
Cause your program still ain't fair
So who you wanna blame for the Hate That Hate Made?
When P let off and pigs get sprayed
Y'all wanna kill off the black man?
But I know your master plan
So we'll see who stops the black guerrilla
P Dog the Bush Killa

It's P Dog the Bush Killa

[Verse 3]

Tolerance is getting thinner
Cause Iraq never called me n***a
So what I wanna go off and fight a war for?
You best believe I got your draft card
So bad to hate somebody else
But much worse to hate yourself
Wise up to the mentacide of the devil
Why must black folk be made to die?
Keeping 'em on and on
Keeping ya on and on
Now my brother down south said "F**k the Police"
I'm saying "No Justice, No Peace"
So why'd you stick 'em like that?
Cause everybody want to get the black
But we'll see who stop the black guerrilla
P Dog the Bush Killa

[Interlude]

"He's been shot!"
"The president is dead"
Yeah, it's P Dog the Bush Killa
"Nobody move, just stay where you are"

[Verse 4]

So where's he at?
I just might wait for his motherf**king a** on a rooftop next tour
Buck his dome cause I'm known to play for keeps
Lay low to the flow and keep it neat
And send his a** home belly up

Should've listened to the facts that the black's been telling ya
It's no surprise that a brother's got wise
Now rat-tat-tat-tat, it's an eye for an eye
Now I'm in it, got to die before we see
That motherf**kers don't give a damn for you or me
So wear a vest on your chest and the rest stand still
For P Dog the Bush Killa